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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE

JANUARY 28–FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

PRESENTED BY
JUDGE and MRS. ISAAC R. HITT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
-1931-

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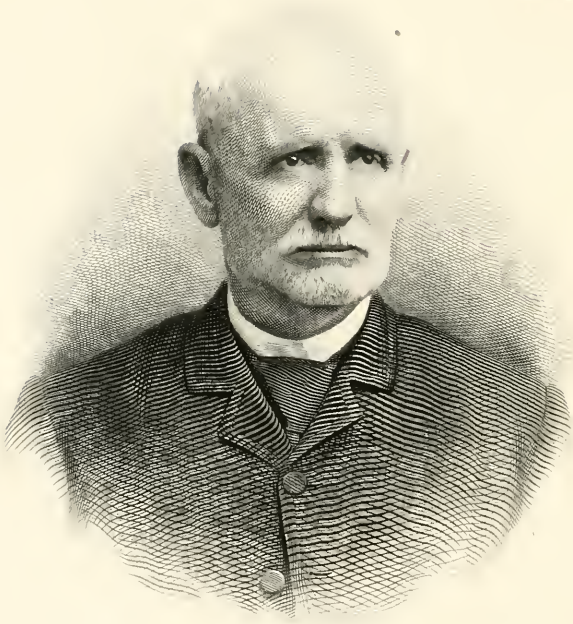

HON. JOHN THOMAS STACKHOUSE.

U.S. 52d Cong., 2d sess., 1892-1893

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

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Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of the State of South Carolina, and of those remaining 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota of the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 18, 1893.

Agreed to in the Senate February 24, 1893.

Gift from
Judge and Mrs. Isaac R. Hitt
Nov. 17 931

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

JUNE 14, 1892.

Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina. Mr. SPEAKER, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death, from heart disease, at his lodgings in this city, of my colleague, Hon. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, lately a Representative from the State of South Carolina, who breathed his last at 1:30 o'clock this morning. His death was very sudden and unexpected both to himself and to his friends. Only yesterday afternoon he answered to a roll call in this House, was in his usual cheerful spirits, and seemed to be hopeful of the future and busy with thoughts and plans for the benefit of his family, his constituents, and his country; but later in the day he complained of the relaxation caused by the heat, and the atmosphere of this ill-ventilated Hall, and left for his quarters. He rallied during the evening, read the newspapers, or had some political articles read to him, and told his son, the only member of his family who was with him, that he need not sit up with him; but about midnight the son awoke and found his father breathing laboriously. He immediately went to him and tried to arouse him, but in vain. The heavy hand of the fell destroyer had touched him.

This sudden and unexpected death, sir, is only another striking illustration of the truth of the touching prayer just offered

by our eloquent Chaplain that in the midst of life we are in death.

This is not the proper time, sir, to enlarge on the virtues, the merits, and the services of our brother member; but, of course, the South Carolina delegation will, at some proper time in the near future, ask the House to suspend its business for the purpose of presenting appropriate eulogies on the life and character of the deceased.

I ask leave at this time to offer for consideration the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ELI THOMAS STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate, and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. Before declaring the result of the vote on the last of the resolutions just adopted, the Chair will announce the appointment of the following committee:

Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina; Mr. Lanham, of Texas; Mr. Cate, of Arkansas; Mr. Lewis, of Mississippi; Mr. Shell, of South Carolina; Mr. Jolley, of South Dakota; Mr. Waugh, of Indiana.

The result of the vote on the resolutions was then announced as above recorded; and accordingly (at 11 o'clock and 18 minutes a. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES.

JANUARY 28, 1893.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order fixed for this hour.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1893, beginning at 3 p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, lately a Representative from the Sixth district of South Carolina.

Mr. MCLAURIN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCLAURIN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The meed of unstinted praise is alone the heritage of the dead. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is the revered adage of the ages. While living the veil of charity is thrown over the frailties of man, but the grave, with its solemn

mysteries, speaks in commanding tones, say nothing but good of the dead. Life would be more tolerable and joyful if the living could hear the wails of the sympathetic, the fulsome praise of the eloquent, and read the flattering inscriptions upon their own tombstones. But such can not be, for the history of man's injustice is embodied in the history of "man's inhumanity to man." Mausoleums commemorate the truth that the dust of the dead only is perfect.

Monumental praise is but the tribute paid by the living to the dead, by mortality to immortality. It is well that it is so. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands of the living to mourn, and to carry it beyond the grave would be sacrilegious persecution of the dead. It is then less embarrassing to eulogize the dead than the living, for the kindly veil that death draws leaves visible only the bright spots in the lives of the departed. But it is embarrassing for youth to eulogize old age. To do justice to the old hero who has attained his three score and ten, an intimate knowledge of the times in which he has lived and his peculiar characteristics, formed and shaded by his environments, is essentially necessary; for such are connecting links between generations, and their lives comprise volumes of experience and achievements. I regret that my knowledge of the deceased was limited on account of our respective ages, and sensibly feel my inability to do full justice to his life and character.

Col. E. T. STACKHOUSE, my immediate predecessor in this House from the Sixth district of South Carolina, was born in Marion County on the 27th day of March, 1824, and was therefore at the time of his death in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was educated in the country schools, and never enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate course. Before he had completed the course he had marked out for himself he married Miss Anna Fore, the daughter of a neighbor. A long and happy married

life and seven children blessed this union. Mrs. Stackhouse died only a few months before he did.

The chosen occupation of Col. STACKHOUSE was farming, and of this calling he was ever proud, and persistently adhered to it through life. He was always in advance of the agricultural thought of the times, and was a bold and successful experimenter. Without much money, but with an abundant stock of energy and good common sense, he adopted early in life the intensive system of farming, and was rewarded with remarkable success. In this respect he was a pioneer and exemplar to his county. The Little Rock community, where he always lived, to-day owes much of its prosperity and reputation as a farming section to his influence and example. In fact, the entire State recognized his worth and progressiveness. He was elected by his county to the legislature, became the first president of the State Alliance, and afterwards a member of this body.

Never before in the history of the State had such honorable recognition been accorded a simple farmer. In 1861 Col. STACKHOUSE entered the Confederate army from Marion County as captain of a company which was incorporated in the Eighth South Carolina Regiment. In April, 1861, the regiment, under Col. Cash, entered service in Charleston, where it remained until after the surrender of Fort Sumter. It was then transferred to Virginia, where it became a part of the historic army of Northern Virginia, with which it remained until after the surrender at Appomattox. From captain he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and then colonel, which latter position he held at the surrender.

Although advanced in middle life when South Carolina seceded, yet in reponse to his patriotic impulses he was one of the first to volunteer and one of the last to retire from service. He fought not for glory but from a sense of duty, and the con-

sciousness that the cause of his State was a righteous one. When the crisis came in which the Southern Confederacy collapsed and its cause was chronicled as one of the lost causes, he was the same patriot he had been during the times of war. Few men who had attained the age of Col. STACKHOUSE when the war ended were ever able to so completely adjust themselves to the new order of things.

Men of my age can hardly appreciate what fortitude it took at middle life, after a crushing defeat, with the added desolation and misery left by Sherman's army in its "March to the Sea," for one to gather up the scattered threads of a broken existence and begin anew the battle of life. My only remembrance is as of a horrid nightmare, the white, tearful face of a widowed mother and her little brood, where all had been plenty, dependent for food upon what was thrown away by the victorious army and picked up by faithful slaves.

Amid these trying scenes of reconstruction Col. STACKHOUSE exhibited the same traits which in war made his commanding officer speak of him as the "steadiest colonel in the brigade."

Pledging anew his loyalty to the Union and the Constitution, save as a memory he adjured the old South, with its traditions, and addressed himself to the work of building up a new South. He settled upon his plantation, gathered up the fragments of his lost property, and engaged with heroic energy in agricultural pursuits. When others were croaking and gliding into bankruptcy, he demonstrated the possibility of making cotton at a profit with hired labor. He was soon called from his retirement to represent his county in the State legislature. As a member of that body he made his mark for solid sense and sound judgment, although modest and unostentatious. There he zealously advocated all measures looking to the agricultural interests of the State. His constituency then accorded him

the "Well done, good and faithful servant" with as much sincerity as his late constituency did when he had finished his course as a member of this House.

Col. STACKHOUSE was an ideal citizen, modest, unassuming, and imperturbable, yet firm, bold, and agressive in his convictions. Conservative, cautious, and slow, yet advanced, patriotic, and pertinacious in his actions, his was a versatile stamp of citizenship. Old theories were not adhered to for their antiquity, nor were prevailing ideas adopted because they were entertained by the multitude. He was ever ready to accommodate himself to changed conditions in agriculture, politics, or anything else, and to adopt progressive ideas and methods. He followed what his convictions taught him was right in spite of criticism or opposition. He thought for himself, and was no truculent follower of majorities, but sought to be a molder of public opinion and leader of men.

Devotion and faithfulness characterized his relations as a father, husband, and friend. In his family circle he was the household god. To his friends he was the soul of honor. To his country and State, his loyalty was ardent and invincible. To the people who honored and loved him, he was as true as steel, and to his God he was always the humble and obedient servant. Strong common sense, an almost infallible judgment, and a profound knowledge of human nature were his conspicuous intellectual qualities.

Candor, sincerity, and conscientiousness were his predominating graces. Indomitable energy, scrupulous honesty, and fidelity to his friends were the mainsprings of his success in his industrial and political life. A combination of all these qualities made him an American Cincinnatus. He was a humane man and master. During the existence of slavery he taught those held in bondage by him to read and write. There was a statute in South Carolina prohibiting this, but he

felt that his obligation to his God was higher and more sacred than anything else. To do this required moral courage and a Christianity that embraced in its charity the whole brotherhood of man. It was his custom to assemble his slaves at the gin-house every Sunday afternoon to teach them the way of life.

In attestation of the appreciation by the colored people of his humanity several hundred attended his funeral and testified in every way to the esteem in which he was held. His neighbors loved him for his kindness and unselfishness. His charity in dispensing favors and giving aid and sympathy to the unfortunate, needy, and distressed was proverbial. Col. STACKHOUSE was a self-made man, the architect of his own fortunes. He was from the great middle class, the farmer class, and could boast of no illustrious ancestry, but depended upon his own intrinsic merit, his own inherent manhood, energy, and unconquerable will.

Born and bred in old South Carolina, yet he was a true representative of new South Carolina, typical Carolinian of the new faith and new school born of the civil revolution of 1861–'65, which wrought wonderful changes in the social, political, and industrial condition of the State. Had that revolution never occurred, I hazard little in saying that the deceased would never have represented South Carolina in this body. The condition of affairs in the State before that revolution was peculiar, resulting from the ideas of the Old World transplanted in the new and the attempt to ingraft them in the society and polity of the colony.

In the course of time an aristocracy based on a slaveocracy dominated old South Carolina and completely controlled her social, political, and industrial destinies. This necessarily created two classes as distinct as the Patrician and Plebeian orders of Rome. The large slave-owners became the rulers

and office-holders, and the masses of the people were regarded as unfit to govern. It was an intolerant, defiant, and uncompromising tyranny, suppressing free speech, free thought, and independence of action. There was no irrepressible conflict then, because, from force of habit, education, and a disinclination to assert their sovereignty, the middle class succumbed.

Nullification and secession were the legitimate fruits of this condition of things. This is a true picture of old South Carolina, of which Hayne, Calhoun, and Rhett were true representatives. The abolition of slavery was the destruction of this system. The rich and powerful of the old became the poor and weak of the new. The workingman of the old régime became the enterprising and successful citizen of the new. The shackles of caste were removed and the artificial distinction of classes abrogated. The farmer and workingman claimed their God-given rights and boldly and defiantly entered the political arena. This changed condition did bring about an irrepressible conflict between the reconstructed orders of society.

During Federal reconstruction there was a truce between the old political leaders and those developed by the new order of things. In 1876, by the united and patriotic efforts of both, harmonized for a time by the common instinct of self-preservation, the infamous carpetbag government, pinned to our backs by Federal bayonets, was overthrown, and the State rescued from the alien and the spoiler. As soon as this revolution was accomplished the old *ante bellum* leaders sought to reëstablish their autocratic sway. Political devices of various kinds were adopted to delude the people and drive them into their old-time supineness. Negro domination was perpetually held up as the inevitable result of agitation. For a time the spirit of reform and the latent desire and determination of the people to rule was kept in check.

But at last, like some mighty giant just aroused to a consciousness of his power by repeated injuries, the people aroused from their lethargy, and, trusting in their own might, determined to be sovereign. The election of B. R. Tillman as governor in 1890, accomplished by the general uprising of the people under the leadership of Tillman, STACKHOUSE, and others, was the culmination of this great social and political revolution and one of the legitimate results of the reconstructive and evolutionary effects of the war of 1861. The economic conditions prevailing elsewhere of course also played their part. This irrepresible conflict has, however, we hope, about ended. In this brief picture of new South Carolina Col. STACKHOUSE occupies a conspicuous place in the work of reform and rehabilitation. As one of the people, risen from their ranks, their champion, he deserves their everlasting gratitude and remembrance.

Full justice could not be done to his life work and memory without referring to the stupendous social and political revolutions in which he was a prominent actor. The eulogist of Miltiades and Leonidas could not do justice to their illustrious lives without at least a passing reference to Marathon and Thermopylæ.

ADDRESS OF MR. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was a sharp and sudden summons which removed from our midst the venerable form of Col. STACKHOUSE. "At such an hour as we thought not," its service was had upon him. It is doubtful if even he were premonished of its abrupt approach. We all remember with what surprise we received the tidings of his death. On the preceding day he was at his post of duty in the House, when none of us imagined it was for the last time.

Believing, as we do, that he was "ready" in all the work of spiritual preparation for the "coming" of the summons, it may be that its suddenness was, after all, designed by Providence in kindness and blessing. No protracted pain; no extended suffering; no languishing for weary days and sleepless nights, awaiting "the inevitable hour" and article; none of the lassitude and emaciation; the slow and gradual but certain processes of physical disintegration; the lingering wasting away; the usual scenes and conditions which attend the last sickness of the body and precede the final departure of the spirit—none of these things superadded to the affliction of his death.

Were it given to men to know in advance the very hour and circumstance of the fulfillment of their appointment to die, no matter whether in the near or remote future, the gloom of its constant shadow would make them miserable. "Blindness to the future, kindly given," renders life tolerable. Lift the veil that excludes the vision of the things to be, and personal history and daily existence would be encumbered with unremitting anxiety and ceaseless apprehension. It is well that "we know not now" what must be "known hereafter."

Mr. Speaker, it seems not inappropriate that I should say a word on this sad occasion in commemoration of the good man who thus passed away. Being a native of South Carolina, I feel a great interest in all that concerns that State and its people. My knowledge of Col. STACKHOUSE antedates his service in this body. I first saw him in the Confederate army. We belonged to the same command. He was a brave man and a gallant officer. He did his duty as it was given to him to see his duty.

The sublimest word of our language was the criterion of his conduct. All valorous and chivalric men who had a place in the picture of the war will appreciate a just tribute to a soldier's courage, independent of the banner he upheld. The

time will never come to our ex-soldiers when it will detract from the stature of a Southern man to say of him: "He belonged to Longstreet's corps, and his record was clean and honorable." This may be truthfully affirmed of Col. STACKHOUSE.

It was late in life before he was called to represent his district in Congress, and his service was brief. We were all impressed with his dignified and manly bearing, his prompt attendance upon the sessions of the House, and the readiness he exhibited in the discharge of his legislative duties. From conversations had with him he led me to believe that the quietude and retirement of private citizenship and home-life were more in consonance with his disposition than was active participation in the excitement of politics, and, had he lived, it was not his purpose to continue in Congress beyond a second term. He was held in high esteem by his associates here, respected by all with whom he came in contact, and his death was lamented by all who knew him.

Mr. Speaker, the surest and most reliable evidence of individual rectitude, from the standpoint of human judgment, is to be discovered in the estimate put upon a man by his immediate neighbors—those before whom he has "gone in and out" for years, who have had ample opportunity for the observation of his daily acts and the introspection of his private character, who actually know "the manner of man he is." Given the standing of a man at home by those qualified to bear witness, and it is not difficult to define the real credit to which he is entitled and the consideration of which he is worthy. As measured by this test the merits of Col. STACKHOUSE were of the highest order.

As a member of the committee appointed by the Speaker to accompany his remains to the last resting place, I had occasion to hear expressions from such witnesses concerning the

opinions entertained of him, and the regard felt for him by his closest friends and neighbors. The funeral was largely attended by those who had been intimately acquainted with him. The universal and cordial tribute paid to him was such as to give assurance that "no better man ever lived."

I was specially impressed with a remark made by a minister of the gospel, who, speaking from long personal observation of the virtues of Col. STACKHOUSE, said, "He was the gentlest man I ever knew." He elaborated his many excellent qualities and gave instances within his knowledge, in illustration of the gentleness and charity which adorned the life and conduct of the deceased. The good words said about him and the generous and kindly things told of him were marked by the presence of the utmost sincerity and the entire absence of artificial post-mortem laudation.

It may be declared of Col. STACKHOUSE that his life was a blessing to his people. His precepts and examples will long survive in their remembrance. The moral tone of the community in which he lived will long bear impress of his good deeds and useful influence.

What more is there of and for a man in this world than to live righteously, die peacefully after the measure of his work is done, and return to the dust amid the sorrows and benedictions of those conversant with and affected by his record?

> Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
> What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
> Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies;"
> And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Address of Mr. Davis, of Kansas.

Mr. Speaker: We are here to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of a departed brother. Eli Thomas Stackhouse was born in Marion County, S. C., March 27, 1824. He received a common-school education and was brought up to the business of farming, an honorable calling which he never abandoned. He was three times elected to represent his county in the State legislature. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the public press on agricultural subjects. The main effort of his life was to elevate and improve the agriculture of his State and section. He was president of the South Carolina State Alliance several terms and uniformly aided and encouraged every organization and effort for the benefit of farmers. He was also a trustee of the Agricultural College of his State.

He came to the Fifty-second Congress as an Alliance Democrat, and early in the last session I became acquainted with him. Our seats in this House were near each other. I often felt the firm grasp of his warm and friendly hand, and enjoyed the benefit of his wisdom and judgment as to matters before the House, and profited by his intelligent conversation.

Only a few days before his sudden and unexpected departure I enjoyed with him a walk of recreation upon the streets of this city, with little thought by either of us that there was to be so soon a parting of friend from friend.

The sudden separation of friends by the hand of death brings up earnest thoughts as to the future of man's existence. Is this body all that there is of humanity? When dust returns to dust is there nothing more? Or is there a soul and spirit that never dies? Is this body of man the instrument and the soul only the music? And must the music stop when the harp

is broken? Or is the soul the musician which lives after the instrument is worn out and laid aside? These questions have engaged the mind of man in all ages, and in no age of the world's history have men failed to hold to the doctrine that the soul is immortal.

It is not possible that "a being so fearfully and wonderfully made as man, and animated by a spirit still more fearful and incomprehensible, was created for the brief term of a few revolutions of the planet he lives on."

It is not necessary to appeal to men who have devoted their lives to the study of theology in order to find arguments to support the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Men of other professions and callings are equally confident of the fact that the spirit of man can never die. The mind of man controls the body from infancy to old age. The mind of man is a creator. The mind of man planned the pyramids and ancient temples. The hand of man obeyed the will, and each stone found a place in the massive pile. Fluted columns and sculptured arches sprung into existence. The mind conceives the poem which lives and breathes through all the ages. Empires are founded in wisdom and outlive the hands that made them. The works and thoughts of authors, statesmen, heroes, and patriots live as long as time. Then why should their authors cease to live? Even the dead matter of which our bodies are composed is indestructible. As matter it never ceases to exist. Then why should spirit, as spirit, cease to exist? The thought is absurd.

The mind as mind, the spirit as spirit, will live forever. The mind of man, akin to God, can stamp the creations of its genius upon the living canvas, and the almost breathing, speaking marble. It can marshal the invisible vibrations of the air into soul-stirring and soul-subduing melody. It can pour forth an eloquence with magic power to lash the passions of man into

a whirlwind of fury, or to calm them into peace and quiet. It can control the elements of nature to do its bidding. It can record its thoughts on the printed page, and thus pass them down to ages and nations yet unborn. It can conceive of God, who lived before the earth or the heavens began their eternal rounds, and must live still while the music of their harmony shall endure.

Shall the mind of man, akin to God, die and be no more? Perish the thought. Matter, as matter, endures forever. Spirit, as spirit, like the God who gave it, is eternal.

With this view of the subject, sustained by faith, by hope, by reason, by science, and by revelation, we have not lost our friend. He has only gone a few days before. We shall meet him again in that other world, when, as friend greets friend, we shall again see him eye to eye, where there will be no more sorrowful parting.

The poet Bryant has drawn a picture which is hopeful. Let us look upon it:

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
  His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;
  Cares that were ended and forgotten now,
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another time-worn man and said,
  In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
  Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
  His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
  Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie.
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set

"His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

Address of Mr. Lewis, of Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker: Once more as the cycle of years rolls around we find ourselves assembled under circumstances of solemnity to pay honor to the memory of a deceased member of the House of Representatives. Col. Eli T. Stackhouse was born in Marion County, S. C., March 27, 1824. He received his education at the country schools, taught four years, and in 1847 settled on a farm, where he lived a progressive and prosperous farmer, until 1861, when he entered the Confederate army, and was elected captain of the Marion Guards.

He rose to the rank of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, and in every position which he occupied and in every emergency which he was called upon to meet in the vicissitudes of a long and fearfully destructive war he proved himself a soldier of the highest qualities. Whether in the camp of winter, on the line of march, or in the bristling array of a charge on the enemy, he was the same calm, self-adjusted, fearless soldier, and even when the crested waves of battle broke at his feet his brave heart beat with a steady throb and his steel-grey eye looked with undaunted vision on the face of war's

most fearful aspect. Mild and gentle in his manners almost to the verge of effeminacy, he was yet in the highest, broadest, and best sense of the word a man.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

The godlike sentiment, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," found in his life beautiful illustration. To the poor he was a benefactor, to the good a companion, and to all an example.

It was my pleasure and good fortune to have been intimately associated with Col. STACKHOUSE during the first session of the Fifty-second Congress. I knew him not only in the halls of Congress, where many men are made somewhat artificial by the self-imposed restraints of conventional life, but I also knew him in the free and undisturbed communion of daily private life, and in both relations he was the same plain, honest, sincere, and noble man.

Unaffected by the influences which lead weak men to inconsistency and wrong, he held to the undeviating course of his life with modest yet unshaken courage. He measured all his motives and acts by the highest human standard, always clear to him in the light of a tender Christianity that unceasingly welled up from the depths of his great soul. Mr. Speaker, the abnormal development of a few strong traits of character, projecting a man far out in advance of his fellows, even when not marred by the attendance of many weaknesses, does not in my judgment fill the largest measure of possible greatness.

There is a sense of propriety, an element of proportion, a rule of symmetry that must be observed in fashioning the grandest and noblest lives, as well as in chiseling the rarest models of sculpture or painting the brightest gems of pictures.

To the well-rounded and most symmetrical characters we may look for greatest and best results, as well as for brightest and most useful examples. To this catalogue belongs the name of Col. STACKHOUSE. His life was full of usefulness and success, and as an exhibition of the possible achievements of American citizenship, unaided by the adventitious increments of fortune, stands out as a shining and hopeful example to aspiring youth wherever blessed by the muniments of a Government like ours.

Though prepared for the summons to the untried beyond, death came to Col. STACKHOUSE in an unexpected hour. So swift and noiseless were the steps of the inexorable messenger, I knew not till the dawn of another day, though under the same roof, that his spirit had left its temporal tenement of clay to abide in a house with many mansions, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The invocation of the gifted poetess, that death might not say to her "Good night," was perfectly answered in the death of him whom we now honor:

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Oh, whither dost thou fly?
Where bends unseen thy trackless course?
And in this strange divorce,
Oh, tell where I must seek this compound I.

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue when freed
From matter's base encumbering need?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spellbound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet can's't thou without thought or feeling be?
O, say what thou art, when no more thou'rt thee!

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night", but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

Col. STACKHOUSE was born and raised on a farm, and was accustomed to manual labor. The beginning of the war found him a prosperous and happy farmer, with an accomplished and devoted wife and three lovable children. What stronger ties could a man have to entwine him to life? Still at the first call of patriotism he committed his life to the casualties of war. After four years of gallant service he returned home with broken health to a wasted farm and an empty exchequer, with the superadded misfortune of a large indebtedness by reason of surety for other men.

By a skillful system of extensive farming he soon carried his farm beyond its erstwhile figures of products and in a few years by farming alone he paid every cent with interest for which he was surety, and besides added several thousand dollars to his modest fortune. Successful in the highest degree, and beloved, honored, and exalted by those who knew him best, it seems not unreasonable that we might have expected of him some degree of indulgence in that sense of self-gratification which most self-made men feel and but few can all conceal. Yet in his life there was no trace of self-exaltation.

His whole life, though not voiced in words, was a touching tribute to the beautiful sentiments expressed in the following gem of poetry:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Address of Mr. Shell, of South Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: As one of the representatives of the State of South Carolina, I appear in its name to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Eli T. Stackhouse, one whom every citizen in that Commonwealth delighted to honor.

I will not enter at length upon the history of the good man whose death we mourn, but it is so full of instruction, and has so much in it to encourage virtue, that I would not be excused if I were to pass it by altogether. It is impossible to forget, while we trace his career as a citizen and soldier, that he was

guided throughout life by a high sense of honor that never yielded to temptation, and never shrunk from danger.

My knowledge of and association with Gen. STACKHOUSE differ in some respects from others who may speak concerning him. Our acquaintance dates from 1861, at the beginning of hostility between the States. The opportunities of his youth, as told me by himself, were extremely limited, but by industry and rigid economy he secured a fair education and for a while taught school. Very early in life he married, and for more than forty years enjoyed the companionship of his wife, who assisted him by loving counsel and a helping hand in securing a competency sufficient to bring comfort in their old age.

For many years his wife was an invalid, becoming, as she did, a helpless charge; but amidst all these trials and afflictions neither of them murmured, because it was the will of God. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and all who knew him would testify as to his life of consecration. His hospitable home was open wide to every one who sought refuge, and he extended charity to all who presented the withered hand of poverty; he was the friend of the oppressed, and was always found on the side of the weak, without regard to creed or color.

Inspired by love of country, like every true patriot born on Southern soil, he enrolled himself in the service of the Southern Confederacy and fought with distinguished gallantry until the end of the war. Gen. STACKHOUSE never had an apology for his action in that bloody conflict, believing as he did that he was justified by a consciousness of right. It was during these years of service that it was my privilege to be closely associated with him; it was then and there that I became acquainted with the man, and the noble qualities that characterized his whole life. He was unobtrusive and courteous, with a disposition

gentle and kind; these habits were prominent in his every day transactions, especially so in his own family, where he displayed unusual urbanity, never forgetting that gentleness of manner that always secured respect and admiration. So circumspect and correct was his demeanor, it was told me by a member of his own household that he was never known to express himself impatiently in the presence of his own family.

At the conclusion of the war the old veteran sheathed his sword, accepted in good faith the terms of capitulation, and turned his face towards the home he loved so well. The accumulated property, for which he had spent years of toil, had departed with his blighted hopes. Once more, with a resolute heart, he resumed the duties of husbandman; his success was equal to his merit, and in a few years, by constant toil, his labors were abundantly blessed, and once more comfort and happiness were secured to his home.

Very soon, however, he was called by his people to represent their interest in the State legislature, which duty he performed with honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituency. At the conclusion of his legislative duties he returned to his rural home to enjoy the companionship of his lovely family and there remained for a season, giving personal attention to his delightful occupation, agriculture. He was again called forth to enter upon other important duties, in the discharge of which, by his assiduity and unceasing devotion, he endeared himself to the hearts of the toiling masses. He had scarcely reëntered upon his usual avocation when his services were once more required, and he was placed, without opposition, to represent his State in the councils of the nation.

In all these years just recounted, although our homes were separated by distance, we kept record of each other and occasionally met to renew the intimate associations formed when together engaged in hostile strife; and it was again my pleasure

to be thrown with him in intimate association on the floor of this House, where he demonstrated in his short term of service the same excellent qualities which characterized him in every relation of life. He was a happily constituted man—firm as a rock, with a will unyielding to wrong.

Apart from his nobleness of character, his participation in some of the notable events of our country's history would be sufficient to render him illustrious. Surrounded by illustrious men, wise in their generation, who are struggling to emulate the example of the good and great who have gone before them, he who so lately stood among us has been leveled with the dust.

After a long life of disinterested public service, he has "gathered up his feet" in peace, and gone to his fathers.

Address of Mr. Watson, of Georgia.

Mr. Speaker: Within the last few days we have been called upon to pay honor to three very distinguished citizens of the Republic; the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Lamar; the late Chief Magistrate of the United States, Mr. Hayes; and the late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine.

Far be it from me to deprecate a word of praise that has been spoken in honor of those eminent men; but I dare to say that the humbler individual whom we honor here to-day just as thoroughly deserves his meed of praise as either of his more exalted fellow-citizens. I have, in common with all of our people, the spirit of hero-worship which gives admiration to the brave leader, whether in war or in peace; but I have also a profound respect for the humbler citizen who, in quieter ways, performs those lesser works of duty, which, after all, make up chiefly the golden threads in the warp of human life.

The distinguished citizen in whose honor we are speaking

here this afternoon was a quiet man, walking in the humbler paths of life, not distinguished according to the highest measure of fame, but a man who discharged every duty honestly, fearlessly, zealously, and who won for himself a place in the esteem of those who knew him which sometimes those who walk more conspicuously never win.

It would be utterly impossible to judge of this man appropriately unless we took some account of his work. We have heard from those who knew him all his life some account of his deeds in the years gone by; of his zealous attention to farm affairs, of his discharge of neighborhood duties, of his loving kindness as a father, as a husband, as a friend. We have heard his comrades in arms praise his fidelity and courage on the field of battle.

I only knew him in the latter months of his life, when I saw him discharging the trust which the Farmers' Alliance of the South had put into his hands, and I can speak from personal knowledge of the religious fidelity with which he discharged that trust. Prompt to answer to every roll call, punctual in the discharge of duty, careful in attending to the affairs of this body, conscientious in every vote that he cast, courteous in his dealings with his fellow-members, I hesitate not to say that a more worthy gentleman never entered this Chamber.

There is something inspiring in seeing an older man take up the work from which younger men sometimes shrink. The task of the reformer is never one that leads to a bed of roses, and is never one that leads to the crown of roses. It is always a work of difficulty. He who rebels against existing evils must make up his mind to arduous toil, to ridicule, to misconstruction, and to hatred. It tests the courage of younger men to throw the gauntlet bravely in the face of existing abuses and to say, "This thing is wrong and I will combat it."

A younger man, however, is expected to do it; but for an older

man, his hair silvered with age, his body bent with the burden of three-score years, and his spirit perhaps wearied with the collisions of life that had come upon him in former years—I say it is especially inspiring to see an older man grapple with the work of reform in spite of ridicule and abuse.

The Farmers' Alliance of the South has been misunderstood, misrepresented, and misjudged. The fact that this man belonged to it shows that it was not a mere movement in the direction of communism and anarchy; that it did not emanate from those who failed in love to the South, in respect to the law, or in loyalty to the flag. It came from men who struck at abuses. It was a protest against the condition of things that now pertains; a protest, industrial, and against the system which gathers what the many make in order that the idle few may enjoy it; a protest, political, against the system which shuts out from control the great masses of the sovereigns of the land according to its law, and gives that control into the hands of the irresponsible and secret few; a protest against a condition of affairs which denies to 8,000,000 human beings the exercise of the franchise accorded by law, and which builds to the future upon the false foundation of the sectional animosities of the past.

This man, in spite of the abuse and ridicule heaped on that order, was true to its principles, to its mission, to its creed, died nobly true to that greatest of all precepts that the citizen should discharge his duty in his own sphere with the best power that the Almighty has given to him; that he should be a member of that sacred band which carries the light of honest thought, of brave speech, and of independent action down the ages. In this noble company are to be found the statesmen who think for those who will not think, the warriors and patriots who fight for those who otherwise would not have fought, that liberty may live.

Mr. Speaker, as I have said, I have not words too warm in which to speak my praise of a man who lives up to this ideal. It is easy to submit, it is easy to agree, it is easy to bow the head at the shrines which custom has erected around us; but it takes courage to disagree, to protest, to lift the standard of revolt. Yet, sir, it is to the few, it is to the minority who make the protest in every age against its wrongs that we owe every principle upon our statute books which is worth the ink in which it is written.

There is not among our laws, or in our Constitution, a single principle which we cherish and to which we owe our civil liberties that did not cost some brave woman her tears and some brave man his blood. The very principle that the individual citizen should have some hand in making the laws and in shaping his government cost the life of Algernon Sidney one hundred years before Thomas Jefferson wrote it down amid the plaudits of all intelligent Americans.

The protest of the minority in one age becomes the accepted creed of the majority of the next. The martyrs of one generation are the heroes of the next.

We of the South, Mr. Speaker, as you well know, have had peculiar conditions to consider. With the most earnest thought that our statesmen have given it, the question is not yet solved. That grand order, sir, of which you are an honorable member, and to which you owe your election to this House just as I owe mine, and just as the deceased owed his—I say that grand body of men put their hands to its solution, and, with God's help, they will solve the question. They have done much; they have done wonders. They have done it under every discouragement; and I believe that they will finally succeed in bringing to the South a solution which will guarantee to us that success in the future which the manhood and the womanhood and the splendid material advantages of our section naturally deserve.

No society can rest secure upon a false foundation. No section can open the doorway to progress when it denies to any large body of its citizens their rights under the law; and for this reason we have dared to say in the South, and the order to which the deceased belonged has dared to say it—that the true solution of the Southern question and the very foundation on which to build up Southern prosperity is to give to all of its citizens equal and exact justice under the law, and accept the aid of all in building up the prosperity of a section which we all should love.

Mr. Speaker, a doctrine like that runs counter to the prejudices of generations; runs against political teachings coming from those who have saddled upon the South doctrines of finance and doctrines of taxation which they utterly abhor. This doctrine, though sound, may not succeed in a day or in a week or in a year; but just as surely as the right thing does prevail, it will triumph; and when we shall have done that we will open to the South—not to some of her people, not to one color of her people, but to all of her people whether of one color or another—the glorious doorway of a magnificent future.

There is not a man in all this land who loves that section more dearly than myself. I yield to no man in my profound regard for the integrity of Southern life, for its splendid courage as illustrated in a hundred battlefields, for its pure womanhood, which has made our home life so sacred. We are proud of her past, proud of her people, and love every foot of her soil.

Mr. Speaker, we would if we could change the industrial condition of that people. We know that her homes are becoming desolate, her fields stripped and bare, and her children wandering the earth asking for work and for bread. We know that many a brave soldier who went back after the war and found enough property to make himself comfortable is to-day home-

less under laws more infamously unjust than any people have had to suffer since free government was founded. We would, if we could, give new life to the South; put upon her pale and shrunken cheeks the ruddy glow of health and hope. We would put upon her bruised and bleeding feet the sandals of true prosperity. We would lift from her sacred limbs the sackcloth of grief and despair and array her once again in the splendid attire of the bride—the light of hope in her eyes and the smile of victory on her lips. We would, if we could, place her in her true industrial place in this Union; as proud as the proudest, as happy as the happiest—joyous, prosperous, free.

But, Mr. Speaker, that can never be done under a system, political or legislative, which throws 8,000,000 of her people in antagonism to the others, which makes every community a scene of contention where injustice is adopted, where grievances are felt, and where no solution is offered.

I believe, Mr. Speaker, that the work of Mr. STACKHOUSE was in the direction of solving this question, in the direction of having every laborer understand that the cause of labor is the same everywhere, having every farmer, white and black, understand that the cause of the farmer is the same; having every producer, white and black, understand that the cause of the producer is the same; and thus have them march shoulder to shoulder to the redress of grievances—demanding laws which would insure justice to all.

Happy is the man, Mr. Speaker, to whom it is given to complete his work; to find himself in old age surrounded with the evidence that his work is well done and is appreciated. Death found him ready. He was at the post of duty where his people had placed him. The long day's toil was done. Back of him he could see sixty-odd years filled with patient endeavor, filled with duties honestly discharged. Splendid was the

record, fit to go to the high court of the Almighty. The evening of life coming upon him in all its quiet beauty found the arms of this sturdy reaper full of golden sheaves garnered in those long years of honorable toil; and as he went to his sleep I believe that his pathway was brightened by content and by resignation, and that the hope of the true Christian lit its sacred fires in his soul. [Applause. [

Address of Mr. Cate, of Arkansas.

Mr. Speaker: It was not my privilege to know Col. Stackhouse, except during his service in the first session of the Fifty-second Congress, and then for but a limited period of time. This was sufficient, however, to enable me to form an estimate of his capacity and usefulness as a Representative and his personal and social qualities as a man. Hence I shall have to leave to others who have had the honor to know him in his earlier days the pleasure of reviewing the events that made up a useful and honorable life, which was devoted to the service of his country and his countrymen.

In the short interval of our acquaintance we were somewhat intimate, as we sat at the same table and slept beneath the same roof, and I learned to respect him for his dignified and manly bearing, his uniform courtesy, and unfailing kindliness on all occasions and under all circumstances. He was my ideal of the Southern gentleman of the old school. Just to all, honest in everything, "without fear and without reproach."

He brought to the consideration of public questions a clear and vigorous intellect and a conscientiousness that never failed to discern the right, and a courage that never hesitated to do the right. He had gallantly borne his part in the struggles

of his native State; had heroically shared with his people the gloom of defeat and disaster, and yet there was no shadow of repining or misanthropy to mar the pleasures of his companionship. He had known sorrow and bereavement, yet his faith in the justice and mercy of an all-wise Providence was not shaken.

I was near him in the hour of his death, and when it was apparent that he had passed away I felt that in that moment there had gone from the earth a good man and a true one, and that on the other shore he was entering into the reward reserved for the righteous.

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.

The resolutions offered by Mr. McLAURIN were agreed to.

The House then, in pursuance of the resolution previously adopted, adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., Monday, January 30.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH

JUNE 14, 1892.

Mr. BUTLER. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. E. T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased, and to escort the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Vice-President appointed as the members of the committee on the part of the Senate, under the second resolution, Mr. Butler, Mr. Kyle, Mr. White, Mr. Gallinger, and Mr. Allen.

Mr. BUTLER. I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, June 15, 1892, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

Mr. BUTLER. I ask the Senate to proceed to the consideration of the resolution of the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, of South Carolina.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 28, 1893.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BUTLER. I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep regret the announcement of the death of the Hon. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and tenders to the family of the deceased the assurance of its sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. STACKHOUSE a copy of the foregoing resolution.

Address of Mr. Butler, of South Carolina.

Mr. President: The Hon. Eli T. Stackhouse, late a member of Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of South Carolina, was born on the 27th day of March, 1824, in the district of Marion, in that State. He died on the 14th of June, 1892, in this city, and was buried near the place of his birth and home, at Little Rock.

Except when absent in the military service of his State during the civil war, Col. Stackhouse spent his entire life where he was born and buried. The high estimate of his neighbors, the many manifestations of their esteem and confidence in his integrity and ability, furnish the best tribute to his sterling qualities.

He was reared on his father's farm without the advantages which wealth and opportunity afford, but he had that which was better, an honest heart, a clear head, and great tenacity of purpose. During the period of his youth his environments did not furnish many facilities for liberal education. This, however, did not deter him from individual exertions in the acquirement of knowledge, and at 19 years of age he devoted himself to teaching for the four following years, meanwhile studying hard for his own advancement.

He returned then to the farm and for the remainder of his life confined himself to the pursuits of agriculture. Residing in a section peculiarly favored with a most salubrious and healthful climate, and a soil well adapted to the highest state of cultivation, he improved these natural advantages, and by the application of enlightened methods and advanced ideas achieved a success rarely reached in the business of farming. In fact he may be said to have been the pioneer in South Caro-

lina in what is known as the intensive system, a system which has brought so much of profit and comfort to those who have pursued it intelligently and wisely.

Gen. STACKHOUSE held many positions of trust at the hands of his neighbors, and filled them all with credit and ability. He was three times elected to the legislature where he discharged his duties with that unerring good sense which always attended his actions, and with that independence of judgment and fidelity which invariably beget confidence and approbation. He was the first man in the State to advocate the establishment by the State of an agricultural college, where the youth of the country might have opportunity to acquire knowledge of the science of agriculture, and it was largely through his efforts the Clemson College, now in process of construction, was set on foot and provided for. He was selected as one of its trustees and contributed by his practical good sense to making it a State institution worthy of the beneficent objects for which it was instituted.

He was elected president of the State Farmer's Alliance, and imparted to that organization principles which would have made it a most effective instrumentality for good had they been adhered to by those who succeeded him. So thoroughly imbued was he with the great and almost boundless possibilities of agriculture in the South that he embraced every movement tending to improve and advance it, and espoused with zeal and enthusiasm every cause which might alleviate the condition and enhance the prospects of his chosen avocation.

It would only be necessary to visit his model farm and comfortable home to realize how far advanced he was in the science of agriculture and the intelligent application of scientific principles in the business of farming and how profitable he made that business. It would be a valuable object lesson to those who are inclined to croak and decry the pursuit of

agriculture as an unsatisfactory and unremunerative avocation.

Gen. STACKHOUSE had been taught in the school of political faith with so many of his fellow countrymen that his first allegiance was due to his State, so that at the breaking out of the civil war, when his State summoned him to arms, he obeyed her command and cast his fortunes with hers.

He entered the military service as a captain and surrendered his sword as a full colonel.

Here he discharged his duty with the same straightforward conscientious devotion that distinguished him in civil and private life. To say that he commanded the confidence of his superiors and subordinates would convey an imperfect conception of the absolute trust reposed in his judgment and fidelity.

He was one of the most unostentatious, unpretending of men, with habits and demeanor as simple as his honesty was rugged and his character without guile. Abstemious and prudent in all things, he refrained entirely from the use of intoxicants. He did not, however, judge others harshly who differed with him in this regard or fail to tolerate the opinions or habits of those who were not governed by the same strict rule.

As a Christian gentleman he was without reproach, and I doubt if the Methodist Church ever had a more consistent member or one who lived more nearly up to his professions. Taking him all in all, Mr. President, it can be safely and truly said his State never produced a more honest man, upright, patriotic citizen or a Christian more devoted to his religious faith.

He was elected to the Fifty-second Congress without opposition, and so strongly was he intrenched in the good opinion and confidence of his constituents it is doubtful if he would ever have had opposition. He represented a constituency of high intelligence and great public spirit, and within the limits of his district are to be found the scenes of many of the brilliant

achievements of that unique Revolutionary soldier, Gen. Francis Marion. It is not too much to say he was a worthy representative of an enlightened constituency.

His career in Congress was too short to enable him to impress his elevated character and sterling abilities on his colleagues and the country, but I venture the opinion, formed on personal knowledge, that he left with those who came in contact with him nothing but sentiments of esteem, good will, and confidence. If he had been spared a few years longer his sound judgment and faithful, patriotic performance of duty would have been felt in the legislation of Congress. He reached very nearly the Scriptural limit of three score and ten, and died as he had lived, honored and respected by all.

Address of Mr. Gallinger, of New Hampshire.

Mr. President: My acquaintance with the late Congressman Stackhouse was very limited, but I knew him well enough to recognize in him a faithful public servant and an honorable, high-minded, and useful citizen. He belonged to a class of men whose influence will always be felt for good in this country.

An enlightened and progressive farmer, he labored for the upbuilding and advancement of the agricultural interests of his State, and was always ready to lend a helping hand to any proposition that was calculated to benefit those who till the soil. Both as a practical farmer and a writer on farm topics he commanded the respect and confidence of those engaged in agricultural pursuits, and was recognized as a teacher whose experience and training entitled him to a foremost place in the councils of the agriculturists.

As a fit representative of that great interest his fellow citi-

zens elected him to the Congress of the United States, in which body he served with industry, aptitude, and ability.

It was my painful duty to serve as a member of the committee appointed to convey the remains of the dead Congressman to his South Carolina home. At every stopping place in the State some word of kindly feeling was heard concerning him, and at his quiet home in the country evidences of profound and universal sorrow were witnessed.

The great audience that assembled in the church in the shadows of the pines was not drawn there by curiosity or the formal dictates of neighborhood duty. They were there to pay the last sad tribute to a man whom they loved. Whites and blacks alike felt and exhibited sincere sorrow, and the discriminating and loving tributes paid to his memory brought tears to the eyes of many of those present.

He was buried beside the church, in the presence of his servants, his family, and his neighbors, and as the grave closed over the coffin all felt that a good man had departed, and that the State had lost one of her best and most loyal sons.

Mr. President, I turned away from that scene thanking God that whatever differences of opinion may divide the people of the States, it is well that death leads every heart to the contemplation of divine things—that it is well that in the South as well as in the North the open grave teaches the lesson of man's frailty, and of man's immortality as well—that under the Southern skies as well as in our Northern clime character means much, and that a life well spent commands the respect and admiration of all classes of people.

I turned away from the grave feeling that the lesson of Mr. STACKHOUSE'S life would necessarily be felt in every home in the community, and that it would be an incentive to higher thoughts, purer purposes, and better lives on the part of those he left behind.

A kind husband and father, a good citizen, a liberal contributor to all worthy causes, an amiable, upright, conscientious man, what better tribute can be paid to his memory than a mere statement of his virtues? Mr. STACKHOUSE lived for his people and his State, he died in the service of his country, he was buried in the presence of those who knew and loved him, and unless our beliefs are a myth and the future a hopeless state this good man did not die in any true sense, but simply underwent a transition from a life of toil and pain to a better life of immortal joys and never-ending happiness.

ADDRESS OF MR. KYLE, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Fifty-second Congress, now drawing to a close, has been called upon frequently to record the death of some faithful servant of the nation. The ways of the All-wise Ruler are mysterious and past finding out. We are reminded that our lives are but a span, and that the Angel of Death is swift in his coming, calling us hence while in the midst of our duties. Happy is he who on rounding out his career has the consciousness of having served well his day and generation. His monument is already erected.

The tributes of esteem and love from honest and loyal hearts furnish an inscription more enduring than letters cut in marble. ELI T. STACKHOUSE, late a member of the House of Representatives, was born in Marion County, S. C., March 28, 1824. He had almost completed his three score years and ten; a life of usefulness and devotion to the State that gave him birth. Reared upon the farm, he choose farming as his vocation.

It is remarked by many that he was a farmer and that he loved his occupation. The general impression is, Mr. Presi-

dent, that this calling is not held in as high esteem as in the early days of our Republic, when the immortal Washington was called from his farm below this city to the duties of state. If this be true it is a sad comment upon a progressive nation.

Farming is a vocation commended and approved by the Creator and calculated to produce the highest development of body and mind. The best moral force of our nation has been found in the farming classes. They are brave, strong, courageous men, pointed to with pride as the nation's strongest support. It is not to our credit as a free and just Government that during the past quarter of a century this class of our citizens have been placed under the yoke of oppression, compelling them to unite in self-defense and to petition Congress for redress.

The people of the new South well understand the present situation and the burden resting upon the farmer. Men like our departed brother quickly discerned the present drift; quickly foresaw the disaster awaiting their noble calling unless they asserted themselves. The farmers of his locality and of his State regarded him as a leader wise, just, and conservative. They showed their esteem and confidence in him by choosing him three times as leader of the State Farmers' Alliance, and by sending him at different times to the legislature of the State. He labored for the interest of all, white and black; and when he came to Congress he came as the Representative of a loyal and honest constituency who were looking for remedial legislation.

Col. STACKHOUSE was a true representative of the so-called farmers' movement, in his State and the United States; which means a fair and just consideration of all interests and vocations, a thoroughly just and impartial legislation granting equal rights to all.

He was a plain man of the people, whose heart beat in sym-

pathy with those who toil. His life was not ostentatious and yet he was one of nature's noblemen. He was proud to be numbered with those who earned bread by sweat of the brow.

As a reward he possessed the confidence and esteem of a constituency who honored him by calling him to public life, and to crown his life made him one of the chief lawmakers of the land. He now enjoys the reward of one who has been true to his God, true to himself, and true to his fellow-men.

Few can understand the burden of toil and responsibility which devolved upon those who, after a civil strife of five years, by which the land had been devastated and the labor methods of generations transformed, returned to saddened and desolate homes to rear again the structure of fortune and good government.

The reconstruction days were dark days, and yet there were brave men who, having fought from conscientious motives during the rebellion, undertook to lead the people to conform to the new order of things, and who saw in prospect a new South of healthier growth built upon the ashes of the old.

Such a leader was Col. STACKHOUSE. Given to reflection and conservative, he was yet courageous in the face of duty, and in advance of many of his fellow-men in measures of popular reform.

He possessed those virtues which combine to make the great man and statesman whatever be his vocation. His gifts developed through nature's channels until when the body faded from view his powers of mind and soul appeared all the more brilliant. His last days were his best days. The impress of his life is left upon the institutions of his State and his country; and when the summons came it found him at the post of duty, but ready for the introduction into a brighter life—the life immortal—the Christian's hope.

Address of Mr. Irby, of South Carolina.

Mr. President: I deem it a privilege to be permitted to lay my tribute on the tomb of Gen. Stackhouse, of South Carolina, the distinguished gentleman whose death we were so lately and so suddenly called upon to mourn. It is indeed a privilege and a duty, melancholy though it be, to speak of one who, having endeared himself to all to whom he was known, left behind him none but grateful and honoring memories.

I can not claim an intimate friendship with the late venerable and distinguished gentleman who so worthily represented the Sixth South Carolina district in the Lower House, but I do claim, in common with many men of my own and other States, that his friendship was something to be desired, that association with so pure and chivalrous a gentleman was something of which to be proud and to proudly recall.

In such a case it might be better for me to say nothing, for to say little is to do but scant justice to the memory of a man who, in a great State, was honored in youth, in the flower of his manhood, and upon whom a grateful constituency showered its honors and favors at the sunset of life, when his battle has been fought and won, when he had been prepared, soldier, patriot, and knightly gentleman as he was, to receive his eternal reward.

I do not know that I could select from the long roll of sons who have served her in late years the name of one that better illustrates the name of South Carolina than that of Gen. Stackhouse. He received from his ancestors the heritage of a name as dear to him as it was of honor to his State, and jealously did he maintain its credit and its glory. He lived out a long life of devotion to his family and duty, and died wearing well and modestly the honors of a grateful and appreciative people.

This fact alone were enough to speak his most eloquent eulogy and present the fairest view of a most exemplary public and private life. We who knew him and who became, through associations here, familiar with his recent domestic affairs, can not refrain from the thought that it was the death of his noble wife but a short time before his own that hastened that of our dead friend; for it can well be believed that so sweet an association for nearly half a century could not be broken at his great age without the most painful and permanent effect. However this may be, the death that divided has again united the wife of spotless name and fame and the husband, both having enjoyed the full term of a quiet and beautiful life, and having parted in the full assurance of a happier life beyond the grave.

I have purposely left to those who were his intimate friends the relation of his earlier life, and to his companions in arms his record as a soldier. For he, too, responded with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth to the trumpet call to arms in 1861, and bore himself manfully on many a well-fought field in a cause which with his last breath he would have pronounced sacred to liberty although doomed to defeat.

He was the true soldier, for at all times and in all places he kept steadily before him his duty to his God, and whether on the tented field, in the arena of public life, or in the domestic circle, Gen. STACKHOUSE was the Christian gentleman, as he was the pure patriot and gallant soldier. Of men of such heroic type as this we may say with earnest truth that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." His whole career, indeed, was one of beautiful symmetry which was early molded under circumstances well calculated to leave their impress on his future character.

In the quietude of a country home he learned and practiced the arts of peace, which were ever his delight, and, when the

war was over, he returned to his fields to labor long, faithfully, and patiently, to begin his life anew, and wonderful was his success—a success that seemed like the benediction of Providence rewarding a life well spent in the honorable service of home and country.

If there was one trait of his character which rose higher than another, it was his love for his fellow-citizens, whose lot, like his own, had been cast to be worked out in the fields of his native State. So, he was ever foremost with tongue and pen to assist in the elevation of the farming classes, to lighten their labors, to better their condition, to seek with enthusiasm that their lines should be cast in more pleasant places. For this he was loved in his community and throughout the State, for his reputation as a benefactor of his people through the Alliance and otherwise is a part of the recent history of South Carolina.

Gen. STACKHOUSE, it may be truly said, even in the stormy and revolutionary days through which his State has passed, was not an agitator in the ordinary sense of the word. Behind all of his manifold good works and efforts for relief was the conscientious impulse to do right and impartial justice, and, guided by a sense of such duty, his work was fearlessly and honorably done. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was a man of indomitable courage, energy, and inflexibility of purpose.

On the field of battle promotion for him was as rapid as it was well merited, and in political life he asked only a fair field and no favor. His domestic relations were of singular sweetness, his amiability and endearing disposition being household words in his community.

And so as we hold up in brief review such a life as this and regard it from the political, social, or moral standpoint, the thought comes to us unbidden that "this was a man indeed," whose every public act was an unwritten eulogy, every domestic relation a virtue.

I could say no more, Mr. President, unless it were in amplification of these sentiments of honor, respect, and esteem for the deceased, which I am conscious I have but inadequately expressed. A loving son of a devoted mother State, the exemplary husband, the cherishing father, the knightly soldier and Christian gentleman, who fought well the good fight and who triumphed in the end, sleeps his last sleep.

What words could add luster to the brightness of such a record or increase the glory of a crown so nobly won? And yet on this day, set apart to do honor to his memory, I could not fail to avail myself of the opportunity to lay with reverent and affectionate feeling my humble chaplet on the tomb of a citizen of my native State, who did so much to illustrate her brightest history by the integrity of his character, by heroic sacrifice, and honorable achievement.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. IRBY. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 6, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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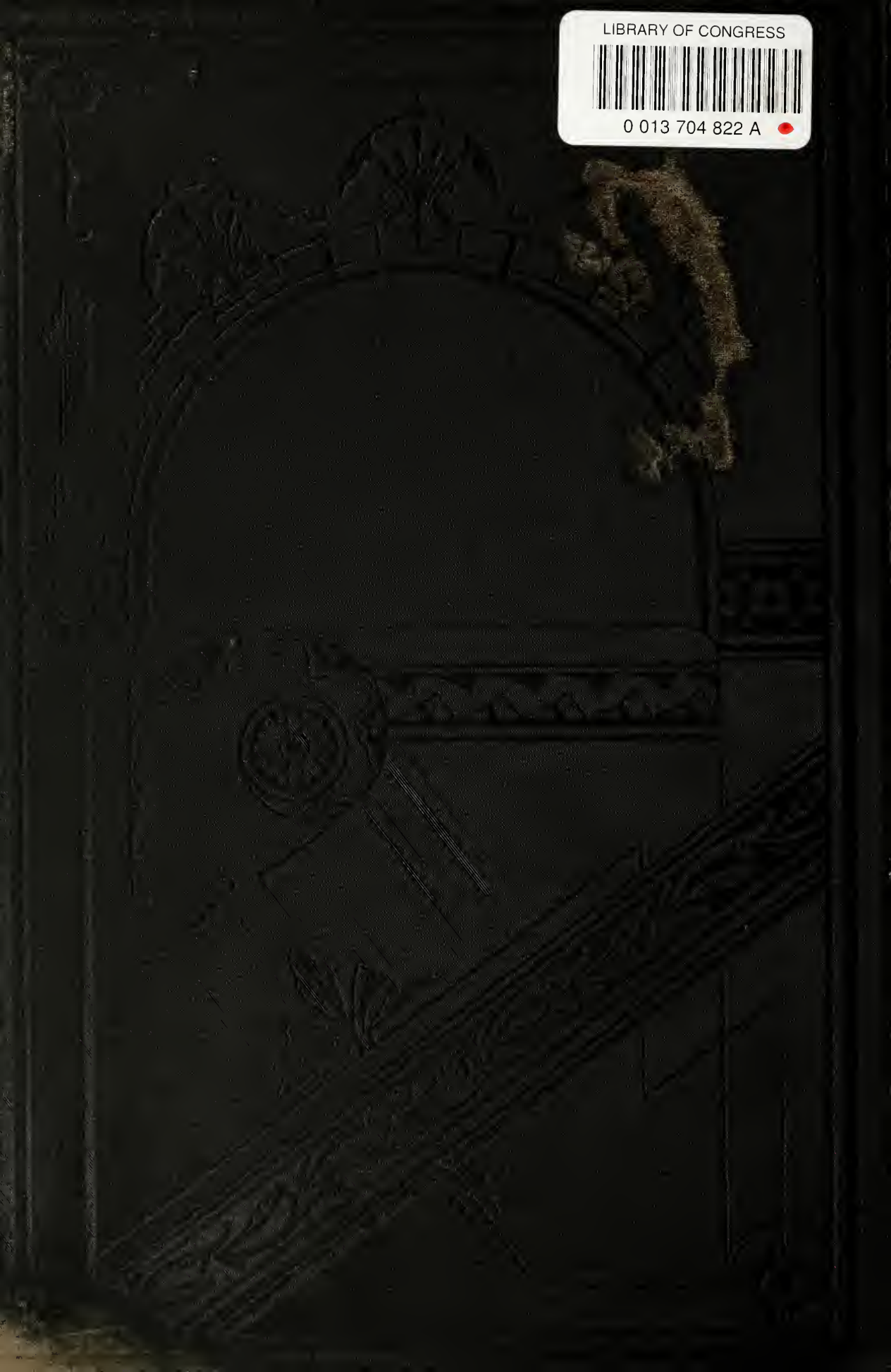
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